Volume LXXVII CHICAGO, APRIL 20, 1916 Number 8

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

I am the Dawn of a great New Day—
Full of Sunshine and Peace;
Scatter the good seeds on your way,
That tumult and strife may cease.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1916 NUMBER 8

EASTER.

The years drift over Calvary like rain;
Yet still the vision of the Christ is there,
As constant as the stars, and wondrous fair;
But on the war-vexed sea and gory plain
Behold again the sweet Christ-spirit slain,
Rejected as of old, and crucified,
The brutal spear of hate thrust through its side,
And underneath a dark and shameful stain.

Lo, every year of all the drift has brought
Its nature miracles with promise fraught,
Its hope of immortality, reborn;
But now we wait a widened Easter Morn:
God's sure recurrent grace in His Great Plan,
The resurrection of the Christ in man.

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

A UNITY correspondent from Minneapolis says: "We are battling against 'Preparedness' up here—some of us—and I think making some headway. We want the Editor of UNITY up here later if he can be spared."

Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead, who is always a vigilant sentinel on the watchtowers of Peace, writes:

"I hope you will give a large space to the review of Dr. George W. Nasmyth's new book, 'Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory.' It is the biggest refutation of the militarist's doctrine that I have seen. It ought to be absorbed by all the clergymen and professors in the country."

The women of Norway, who were given full suffrage in 1914, are now permitted to become members of the Norwegian Council of State, which body is intimately related with ultimate administrative power. Massachusetts and other would-be progressive states had better hurry up or they will be left hopelessly behind even the slow going European states.

If people read fewer newspapers and more magazines, and then eliminated many of the magazines in the interest of the thoughtful book, we would get along faster. John Dewey's article on "Force and Coercion," in the *International Journal of Ethics,* goes a good way towards clearing up much of the confusion concerning the use of force in government. Here are a few sample sentences: "Energy becomes violence when it defeats or frustrates purpose instead of executing or realizing it. When the dynamite charge blows up human beings instead of rocks, when its outcome is waste instead of production, destruction instead of construction, we call it not energy or power but violence."

There is a tender fitness in printing in this issue the same poem offered last year, not only because the poem itself is worth reproducing, but as an unsolicited and unexpected "in memoriam" to the shy, sweet and gifted singer who has passed on. Mrs. Savage might not unfittingly be called one of UNITY's poets for her literary life was interwoven with the life of UNITY. It invoked her powers in her youth and continued to be a strength and inspiration to the end. A companion poet, also a UNITY poet, writes us concerning this Easter poem, "To me the lines are so fine I have no words to express the effect they produce. The very first line has such marvelous perspective—it is so elemental and out-of-doors—so big a thing and so splendidly expressed!"

Lincoln Colcord, in a certain article in the April *Forum* entitled "Religious Democracy," has some sensible sentences concerning the nature and character of the church which is equally applicable to the state. A recognition of this fact would go far towards eliminating the pernicious thinking and the vicious patriotism now so rampant.

The Church institution is not a sentient being; it has no volition, no substance, no intrinsic state. It is merely the sum of the volitions and intrinsic states of the people who support and form it; and it very clearly reflects the thoughts, opinions, sentiments, beliefs, even the instinctive impulses, of these people. If, then, we define the Church, we are defining the people; the Church is, in this sense, a symbol of the living forces centred within it. If the Church is bigoted, it means that the people are bigoted; if the Church is liberal, it means that the people are liberal. And if the Church is worldly, it means that the people are worldly. The Church may not in the slightest degree be separated in thought from the people. In the fullest and most literal sense, it *is* the people; and does not exist except as a convenient figure whereby to express the elements of life and human nature.

"Preparedness—Its Dangers" is the title of an address delivered before the House of Representatives January 18, 1916, by the Hon. Meyer London of New York, the sole representative of the Socialist party in the House. It is a powerful plea for mediation in the light of the European war. It is an exposure of "The Tragedy of Armaments," a forceful argument going to show that in "Organizing armies for its protection, Europe has prepared the means of its

own destruction," "The greater the army, the smaller is the people," "Every rogue can proclaim himself a patriot; every blackguard can sing a national hymn and wave a flag. It takes a manly man to live a life of devotion and sacrifice for the best ideals of his country." It is not the Socialist party alone that would "fight the insanity of 'preparedness' with the sane, rational, insistent demand for international peace." The Socialist party is a rapidly increasing power with which both Europe and America will have to reckon, but the constituency for which Representative London spoke in this powerful address far outnumbers the outermost reach of the Socialist party. The speech is published as a Congressional document and can doubtless be secured for the asking of the proper parties.

The Journal of Negro History. The second number of this pretentious and elegantly printed quarterly is before us. Professor Carter G. Woodson, the author of "The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861," is editor. Dr. Woodson is perhaps one of the most scholarly men of his race, a "Ph.D." of Harvard and a teacher of history, we believe, in the Washington public schools. This number contains articles on The Historic Background of the Negro Physician, by Kelly Miller, The Negro Soldier in the American Revolution, by W. P. Hartgrove, Freedom and Slavery in Appalachian America, by Prof. Woodson, Antar, the Arabian Negro Warrior, Poet and Hero, by A. O. Stafford. There is an interesting batch of "original source material" in the way of eighteenth century slave advertisements. *The American Weekly Mercury,* for instance, in 1783 advertises "Three very likely negro girls about sixteen years of age and a negro boy about fourteen, *speaking good English,* to be sold. A Boston captain at the north end promises five pounds and charges to one who would bring back a young negro fellow named Pompey, who *speaks pretty good English,* under date of January 23, 1746. On February 26, 1750, the *New York Gazette* advertises for sale a likely negro boy about fourteen years of age, country born. Can speak Dutch or English. There are fifty-three pages of this delectable reading, the dates reaching from 1721 to 1749. Let those who despair of the growth of the humanities and the educatability of the race secure a copy of this journal and study it, better yet, subscribe for it at $1 a year. Address, 2223 Twelfth Street, Washington, D. C.

Military Training in Schools

Robert Cromwell Root, in the April number of the *Advocate of Peace,* offers twelve cogent objections against military training in schools, which we venture to epitomize and urge their consideration on the part of school teachers and school boards:

(1) Courses are already too full. No more should be added.

(2) There is not enough value in military training to justify the replacing of more important matter.

(3) The physical advantages claimed to be secured are more effective by other means, out-door games, gymnasium and athletics, etc.

(4) Military drill and army regulations were designed for adults, not for children.

(5) Girls need training as much as boys. So far girls are left out of military schemes.

(6) Military training develops blind, unthinking obedience.

"Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die—
Pitiable "Six Hundred"!

(7) It is contrary to our national traditions and national ideals, undemocratic and un-American. It would out-Prussianize Prussia, for neither the Prussians nor Germans have attempted to foist military training on school children.

(8) It puts the emphasis on might and not on right.

(9) It fosters a spirit of suspicion and distrust of other nations. Assuming "national necessities and national enemies."

(10) It does not tend to develop a spirit of patriotism. Says Chief Justice Hughes: "We can no longer look to war for the development of either national or individual character."

(11) The moral danger. A confusion of ideas. In Sunday School the boy is taught "Thou shalt not kill." In the cadet corps he is trained with gun and sword in the art of killing.

(12) School systems and war systems have nothing in common. Free public schools, the hope of democracy, must not be subsidiary to the un-Christian, inhuman, barbaric habits and aptitudes of war.

Each of these points is sustained by an array of expert witnesses, educators of national reputation, among which we find the names of Prof. John Dewey, President King of Oberlin, ex-President Eliot of Harvard, Prof. Reichart of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Schaeffer, State Superintendent of Schools of Pennsylvania, Prof. Dutton of Teachers' College of Columbia University, Dr. John Finley, Commissioner of Education of New York State, Charles Zueblin and others.

Patriotism En Bloc

Twentieth Century thinking and thinkers have been keenly alive to the absurdities, not to say the immorality, of trying to compel souls to think alike on religious questions. The great and growing objection to church creeds is not the truth or untruth of the propositions affirmed, but in the attempt to build up an unanimity of faith on any phrasing of religious ventures. The essence of the dogma lies in the attempt to enforce a uniformity of opinion.

Dogmatism in religion seems in these days to be giving way to a coarser kind of dogmatism in politics, or would-be statesmanship. It is bad enough when the great political parties of the nation proceed once

every four years to formulate a formidable "Platform" upon which candidates are supposed to "stand" and to the maintenance of which they pledge their future career and constituencies. Everybody knows that such "Platforms" are made of planks that are long and narrow, thin and made of wood, things to be forgotten, and, if need be, to be defeated when election is over.

In these days we see a most humiliating attempt to dispose of living souls in job lots and to count thinking minds in bulk on the high and hot questions of the hour. It is getting to be the fashion for "clubs" and "associations" of men and women to express themselves on questions of preparedness *en masse*.

Recently in Chicago the "Southern Club," after three or four nights "debating," in which their members took active part, and developed lively differences on the subject, ended up by sending an "unanimous" (sic!) demand to the President for something. It was not so surprising that the Hamilton Club, trained to the stalwartness of the Republican party, a club that prides itself on its partisanship, should find it possible to lump itself on this question, but it is surprising when such clubs as the Union League and the City Club, made up of educated gentlemen, trained leaders in reform and progress, project themselves, if newspaper reports are to be credited, into an "unanimous" opinion after "free debate." The members then go home and wonder where the other members individually or even collectively really stood. Where are the subtle forces that bring about this "unanimity" among men and women in their organized and social capacities. It is not difficult to understand the unanimity of the editorial fraternity, of the bankers, manufacturers, "commercial associations" and "Boards of Trade" on these lines; for the plausible if not conclusive explanations along these lines are not far to seek. But when the spirit of unanimity strikes "clubs" organized for intellectual and social advancement, the situation seems well nigh alarming.

When orthodoxy in religion is giving way to something freer and more devout, are we to be visited with an orthodoxy in politics, a dogmatism of patriotism, a hierarchy in military uniform, a priesthood of the "Army and Navy?"

The militant idea in education, historically speaking, is easily traced back to military and ecclesiastic sources. Are our schools but just released from sectarian fetters to be subjected now to the more tyrannical military ideals and habits. Until recently it was the universal custom to mobilize high school children to martial music. They must needs march into and out of the hall, sometimes almost with the lockstep of the prison, but in traveling westward, beyond the Mississippi particularly, as the present writer has ample reason to know, many if not most of the best managed high schools, when summoned to congregate in their assembly halls, are not marched in, but the pupils come with the free, elastic independency that characterizes the freedom of grown up assemblages. The murmur and the clatter of a happy thousand children coming into a lecture, each in his own way but each with courteous deference to the comfort of the others, is a very decided sound, but one beautiful to hear and more inspiring, at least to one speaker we know of, than the measured tramp, tramp, tramp of an army of boys and girls.

Much is being urged in favor of military drill for boys of school age on hygienic grounds. It is good athletic exercise, but any old soldier knows that there is more invigoration to body and mind in an hour's game of baseball, or footrace, say, than in the two hours' drill with musket or at cannon.

We must trust the individual, develop him, if we would have a strong community and a self-reliant and self-protecting state. The President of the United States and Congress and Cabinet of the same may well distrust the "unanimous" votes that are sent in by diverse individuals.

The Good Fairy

Does not one glance at the dainty figure on the cover of UNITY this week bring joy to your heart? Don't you feel more like singing at your work?

Maybe it carries you back to your childhood days when the roads in every direction wound by or through woods peopled by fairies and always ended at the place where the pot of gold was to be found. Maybe you see the apple orchard in bloom where, under some blossom-burdened tree, you used to lie listening to the humming of the honey-bees and "played-like" they were the good fairies holding converse over the good things they were to portion out to you. Surely the spirit of youth speaks to you in the eager, upturned, happy little face and outstretched, generous arms.

But the figure not only "carries us back"; it COMPELS us forward, which is best. Man must be ever "the upward-looking" and anything which visualizes this inherent quality as perfectly as does this charming figure is a boon. No special sect or cult can monopolize it for its appeal is universal and irresistible; and wherever placed—whether in palace or cottage, on the mahogany desk of the bank president or in hospital ward, whether as an expression of sympathy to a bereaved friend or as a souvenir of the banquet board—it speaks of hope, love, health and joy to each heart's individual need.

We have had other figures thrust upon us—"Billikens" and other grotesque conceptions which soon palled upon us; but this symbolical, artistic conception we'll no more tire of than we would the winged Victory or the joyous Mercury.

On a day of brooding over life's complexities and

the contemplation of the most horrible war in all history, this figure and its meaning shaped itself in its creator's mind—truly an inspiration—and would not be ignored. Almost automatically her pencil traced the figure—and she saw that she *must* give it form. While she could draw she could not model, but a young friend, a student at the Art Institute, *could*—and to the inspired THOUGHT of Jessie McCutcheon Raleigh,—it hardly seems fair that one family should possess so much talent as does the McCutcheon family, for Mrs. Raleigh's brothers are John. T., the beloved cartoonist, and George, and B. F., novelists—and to the informed *hands* of Josephine Kern are we indebted for this inspiring figure, which carries an Easter greeting to UNITY'S readers.

Mrs. Raleigh thus describes the figurine: "It is the figure neither of a boy nor a girl. It is the figure of a spirit. It personifies innocence and purity, freedom and youth. The hope is that when a man sees it in the morning on his desk, or a woman in her home, it will bring a remembrance of childhood ideals and a feeling of youth that will make the day brighter and life truer."

The Good Fairy is made of alabaster, and bronze finish, but will eventually be made of more enduring materials. They are priced within the reach of all. Some have a phosphorescent finish which makes them very effective in a dark room. Thus you will understand one reference in Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond's tribute: "Always I had a good fairy, but I never saw her until she was embodied. I used to dread waking in the dark hours, but since my illuminated 'Good Fairy' has come to me, I long to see her happy, youthful face smiling out of the darkness into my heart. I no longer count my years. Truly the spirit of youth is the secret of life."

From another, well-beloved of UNITY, Wilbur D. Nesbit, comes this tribute to Mrs. Raleigh's ideal figurine: "The 'Good Fairy' is to me a smybol of that golden influence called friendship. True friendship is an expression of GIVING—and the 'Good Fairy' crystallizes all the good wishes and kindly thoughts and unselfish deeds of our friends."

Let incense ascend from our hearts with our Easter songs for the *unselfish* friends that have sometimes walked with us!

It would be edifying to read all the beautiful tributes that have been sent to Mrs. Raleigh for her happy little figure has found its way into many and diverse places, but that, of course is impossible here. But the one from Clara Louise Burnham shall be UNITY'S Easter message:

With face upturned to Heaven's bliss
And hands that fling it far and wide,
Oh, stay those feet that touch the earth
And all our lives with us abide!

Dear spirit ethereal, form of joy,
You lift me far all care above:
Your dumb lips eloquent proclaim
That God is here; and God is Love!

—*Mary Badollet Powell.*

I think that the two things above all others that have made men in all ages believe in immortality. . . . have been the broken loves and broken friendships of the world. *Thackeray.*

THE PULPIT

Some Christian Path-finders to International Peace

II.

St. Francis—The Road of Service Love

Sermon Preached March 26, 1916, at Abraham Lincoln Centre, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

May graciousness and joy and peace be in our hearts this morning as we commune with the spirit that has made life noble in all the ages, as we read the lessons of that spirit which has enabled men to triumph over things base and mean, coarse and cruel, throughout all ages. Lead us this morning, Father, into the ways of gentleness and peace, pity and helpfulness. Help us to rise above the temptations of passion and the entanglements of vice and may we enter the brotherhood of souls that reaches round the world, back through all the ages, and looks forward to the extension of the communion of loving souls through the unmeasured ages to come. Amen.

I repeat as my text for these five sermons: "My contention is that some kind of internationalism is the demand of philosophy, the quest of science, the profession of Christianity, and the accomplishment of civilization, so far as it is civilzed."

Last week I tried to show that St. Benedict, with his gospel of work, had surveyed one highway into this internationalism. This morning I shall claim that St. Francis, with his gospel of Love, his evangel of service, surveyed another great highway that runs across all national boundaries, obliterates all race lines, and ignores all local pride and provincial prejudices.

To state, however briefly, the story of St. Francis, and the more radical the vision the more critical the story and the better for my purpose, is to establish my contention. St. Francis's dates were from 1182 to 1226, including the close of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century. Only forty-four years of a pain-laden and distracted life were given him. He rose out of a life of luxury and fashion into a life of lowly service which became a contagion of love and helpfulness. He was the son of a merchant prince, a dealer in costly clothing, whom in these days we would probably call a merchant tailor. The father was wont to travel far to the fabric weaving centers and bring back the choicest productions of the loom procurable at that time. His business itinerary carried him into the palaces of kings and the dwellings of those high in power. He was greatly enamored of France, then as now the seat of fashion and the home elegance. The child Francis, born of a pious and sensitive mother, first saw the light during the absence of his commercial father on one of his business trips. The mother carried the child to the altar and gave him the name of the gentle disciple the best beloved, and he was christened John. But this name served not the purpose and ambition of the proud father, who, upon his return, rechristened him Francis, in honor of the land of his ideals. If we could forgive the slang and convert the name into a diminutive of affection, it would be equivalent to "Frenchy," "Little French-

man." He was the first of many to bear the proud name of Francis, which, with its differing sex terminations, is now one of the most widely distributed names in Christendom, a fact which in itself is a mute testimony to the far-reaching influence of this life. The father meant to rear him in costly elegance. He was the favored son of plenty, a gay, bright, cheerful playmate. He was "the boy bountiful" who distributed sweetmeats, nuts and other favors on the streets of Assisi with a generous hand. The martial spirit of the time swept him into the army, and he took part in one of those innumerable local wars that were bleeding Italy into weakness and wickedness. The vicissitudes of the army threw him into prison, and the prison life brought on a sickness which weakened the vitality of the young man for life. But this experience brought also time for reflection on the great contrasts of life. The luxury revealed on one street, the pauperism groveling on the other; extravagance on the avenue, wretchedness on the alley—the thought of these inequalities settled deep into the sensitive heart.

Nevertheless, the youth returned home with the sincere purpose of trying to realize the ambition of his father. He entered into "society," he assumed the gaieties of life. He robed himself in the silks and velvets that delighted his father. But it was all of no use, the coarseness of the elegance surrounding him, the vulgarity of the rich, the indifference of the would-be pious, the laziness of the church, all sank deep into his soul. He resented all these and so he gave himself to poverty and to service, first to the sorrow and then to the indignation of his father. It is an old and well authenticated story of how the functionaries of the church joined with the ambitions of the father to try to tame the vaulting spirit of the youth, to modify his devotion and blunt his conscience, until at last, in a moment of despair, he disrobed himself of his velvets and satins, rolled them into a bundle and laid them at the feet of his despairing father and, naked, faced the world, to serve it.

Perhaps there is no other story in Christendom that shows how one personality met with such rapid and almost universal response. He established this humble, non-ecclesiastical fraternity, the devotees of which he called not Fathers but Brothers, *Fratri Minori*, "the little brothers." At the end of five years, in his own town of Assisi, there was a conventicle of this brotherhood numbering five thousand people. They have become known in history as the "Conclave of the Mats," because each was obliged to bring his own mat and lie in the out-of-doors for there were no accommodations extensive enough to provide for them.

The story of St. Francis moves swiftly on in this ministry of helpfulness. It was a radical ministry. He broke with the conventions of form and popular ecclesiasticism, and the response was so prompt that people were determined to canonize him before his death. But he shocked them by saying, "Why revere me? Why call me holy? Why, I partook of meat all through the Lenten season." In his last will one of his demands of his followers was that they should never seek favors or exemptions from those in authority.

It is true that the affections of that age were exhibited in the romance of the time, hence the story of Francis is wrapped in a glowing mantle of miracle and poetic tradition, all of which may be interpreted into the cold facts of history. It is significant that the last and best life of St. Francis, a book which it is a liberal culture to read, and whose writing necessitated a learned acquaintance with the centuries it deals with, was written by Paul Sabatier, a radical student of Paris, one who in this country would be called a Unitarian, and who, from the standpoint of a rationalist, sought to interpret the mountains of miracle that gathered around the man Francis in terms of law and humanitarian limitations. This writer had the scholarly insight and the historic sense to translate these stories into their historic significance and universal equivalents, and he who reads this book will find in St. Francis, the blessed companion of birds, a man whose nature was attuned to the harmonies of the out-of-doors, and whose eloquence, according to the fond poets of his time, reached the fish in the seas. At the same time he was a man who entered fully into the inheritance of St. Benedict and vowed himself and all of his followers to humble, lowly labor, the service of hand as well as of heart, though, true to the Benedictine vow, no service of hand was to be rendered for self-advancement or for the external comfort either of the brothers or of the world.

The young man's zeal called him far to the East. He visited the Sultan and probably traveled as far as Judea, but his greatest work was in the home town of Assisi and thereabouts. He restored one, two or three of the humbler neglected churches in the suburbs. He deplored the elegance of the architecture of the time because of its cost in material, both human and commercial, and so with his own hands and those of his followers they built for themselves a humble encampment and formed a colony of workers to alleviate sickness and pain. Perhaps over-exposure and strain in the life of St. Francis caused him much suffering, but it also brought him much joy. The story of Francis can never be adequately told and is yet scarcely appreciated by the liberal student of history because history itself has failed adequately to tell the story of his spiritual help-meet, St. Clara, another child of wealth and luxury, a beautiful girl who was swayed by the power of love and disinterestedness manifested by the elder brother of the spirit. Early in life she knelt before the altar and begged to be tutored in service. So the Order of "Little Sisters" grew alongside the Order of "Little Brothers."

When planting the gardens of the monastery or the camp, St. Francis ordered that the garden should be planted with the seeds of the necessary vegetables, but that there should always be a corner reserved for flowers. When he entered a vacant, neglected church, he always began his work by sweeping it clean and restoring the altar to beauty. The story goes that once upon a time a peasant, having left his oxen in the field that he might see the far-famed Francis, found him with a whisk-broom sweeping out a neglected church preliminary to the service. Said the farmer, "I can do that much. Let me sweep out the church," and before the service was over he begged the privilege of remaining his sweeper to the end of

his life. Thus he became a typical "Brother," one of the faithful in service.

The beautiful "Canticle" which I read as an introdution to this sermon, was composed by Francis during a severe illness, when he was being nursed back into life under the gentle care of the "Little Sisters of Clara." While racked with agony he composed and sang this "Canticle of the Sun," this welcome to the brotherhood of nature, and for the remainder of his life, five years or more, he and his followers went up and down Italy chanting this song of nature, singing the praises of sun, moon and stars, fire and water, and following the song with an appeal to the hearts of those assembled. His was a salvation army before the Salvation Army. He was a Theodore Parker before Theodore Parker. He was determined to interpret the religion of the Master in terms of humility and service. He translated the praise of nature into human helpfulness. The loathsome lepers knew his followers, the broken soldiers knew their hospitals. Forlorn widows and neglected orphans found guardians in these gentle monks. When in later years, sick and crippled, Francis found himself in the midst of professional jealousies, with disposition to quarrel among those in high office, he composed an added stanza to his "Hymn of the Sun" and sent his followers out to sing it in the square where the cardinals of the town were congregating and disputing. These were the lines:

Be praised, Lord, for those who forgive for
Love of Thee, and bear trials and tribulations;
Happy they who persevere in peace,
By Thee, Most High, shall they be crowned.

And this added stanza to the already known hymn should still shame the quarreling ecclesiastics and make for peace between warring nations.

Later, when waiting for his death, he said to the surgeon, "Do not be afraid to tell me the truth. I am no craven. Let me know the facts." And so the honest doctor said, "I am constrained to tell you that your malady is incurable and you have not long to stay." Whereupon, stretching forth his hand, he composed still another stanza to the "Hymn of the Sun":

Be praised, Lord, for our Sister the Death of the body,
Whom no man may escape;
Alas for them who die in a state of mortal sin;
Happy they who are found conformed to Thy most holy will,
For the second death will do to them no harm.

The closing days of St. Francis's life scandalized the community that was sheltering him, because his death chamber was a concert hall and there his followers chanted this "Hymn of Death." His biographer well says, "There was one movement in his Hymn of the Sun which he did not dwell upon but which rested itself deep in his heart:

Be praised, Lord, for Sister Clara;
Thou hast made her silent, active, and sagacious,
And by her Thy light shines in our hearts.

With all his other radicalisms comes the story of St. Francis's elevation of women in the thirteenth century of the Christian era, his recognition of their rightful place in the organized life of the community. The story of the rise of the "Claras" keeps pace with the story of the rise of the "Little Brothers of St. Francis."

There is no other name in history, certainly none in Christian history, that compares with that of St. Francis in its immediate triumph. Before his death the "Little Brothers" had spread throughout Europe and communities and cities vied with one another in their anxiety to entertain the "Conventicle of the Mats." He was scarcely dead before he was canonized. Two years after his death the proud Pope came in person to lay the foundation of the church which was to cherish his name in Assisi. It was a church of proud architecture, a costly, pretentious building, which the true devotees of St. Francis sadly deplored, but which a grateful world and a proud church insisted was his due. All the authorities agree that his is one of the great pivotal names in European history, compared with which there is no name of statesman, king or conqueror to be mentioned. The warring powers that have raided Europe and drenched Italy in blood are now long forgotten, while the name of St. Francis in the light of the most critical scholarship, by the verdict of the most astute interpreters of history, grows more and more potent with each advancing century.

This brief outline of the story of the man whose example conquered individuals, whose precepts combined men into vast religious organizations, shows that he was a great road-maker into internationalism. His coarse robe, bound round the waist with a rope, is a familiar figure in all lands. It remains for me to claim that the robe of St. Francis is today a symbol of an internationalism that is unquestioned. I am not speaking in terms of philosophy. I will not avail myself of the rhetoric of sentiment, legitimate as it is, but I claim that by the cold facts of history the internationalism of St. Francis is today an accomplished fact. It has outreached the grim schisms of war and the awful chasm of national hatred.

Nations widely separated by creed and language are today united by love. The response to love's call is more profound than any of the divisions established by kings, queens, cabinets, legislators innumerable. John Howard internationalized the cause of the convict and the imbecile for all time. No rivalries or selfish interpretations of trade have been able to put the insane, the imbecile and the convict back into the dark cells which selfish politics and triumphant war established. Samuel G. Howe internationalized the blind. Father Matthew and Francis Willard internationalized the cause of the drunkard. Clara Barton internationalized even the battlefield when it had done its fell work. Once the wound is inflicted, then, by the consent even of military powers, the Red Cross raises its banner over the bleeding and it is protected by an international compact. The broken body is internationalized by the law of St. Francis, the demand of love. Aye, more, Henry Berg has internationalized the friendless dog and the abused horse. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was at first suspected by the church. At one time its publications were prohibited by the Pope's Index. Today it has its proper officials everywhere and all the world is internationalized in the interests of the friendless animal and the over-worked beast.

Last week we traced some of the roots of modern international movements to the blacksmiths of Europe, those who met in the first international congress of laboring men in London in 1864. Had I the skill

and did time permit, I could now trace a higher internationalism in the hospitals of the world. Surgery and the triumphs of medical laboratories are cosmopolitan. Physicians speak an international language and their language is becoming more and more authoritative.

Thus it is that, on these and many other lines, the armies of love, dedicated to humble service under the spiritual banners of the "Little Brothers of the Poor," already present a united front so strong that the present spectacle of the great Powers mobilizing their millions to destroy one another does not represent force enough to break the existing internationalism of St. Francis. And a study of the battlefield itself justifies this statement. The most sacred spot on the bloody field of Gettysburg is the place where the loving Lincoln, the St. Francis of Presidents, spoke to the heart of humanity. And the second most sacred spot on that field, as indicated by the interest of the intelligent tourist, is Spangler's Spring, for there, in the solemn hours of the grim midnight between the awful watches, Union and Confederate soldiers, while their officers slept, met under the truce of St. Francis to bathe their wounds and replenish their canteens. This was a triumph of St. Francis on the goriest battlefield in American history.

Grant's supreme triumph was not when he drove the Confederates out of the trenches at Petersburg. General Lee surrendered to a power stronger than he could resist with bayonet and cannon ball, but when General Grant added to the terms of capitulation, "Let them keep their horses, for they will need them to put in their crops," the Confederates surrendered a second time, now fairly beaten by kindness and the spirit of brotherhood. Force, brawn, and, it may be, hate, captured the trenches at Petersburg, but at Appomattox, by this last edict the truly great general, vanquished the army that surrendered to love.

The history of humanity, rightly read, witnesses to the mighty and growing power of love, otherwise Christian history is a delusion and a deluded humanity offers undeserved adoration to the Indian Prince who made Asia mild by the power of love, by the potency of pity. Doubtless there are more devotees who bow in adoration before the shrines of Buddha than before any other name on the globe, and his is the sole religion that has never appealed to the sword and has called for no sacrifice more bloody than that of the flowers that decorate the altars of Buddhism. That the Galilean peasant who triumphed on Calvary has held sway over individual lives with a mighty power is a matter of evidence, and he is triumphing over national pride and jealousy as well. "Return good for evil" is as available and practical a standard of ethics between nations as it is between individuals. To determine the relation of nations by the law of force is to unchristianize the would-be Christian nations. To continue the militant clamor for "Preparedness" with guns and battleships is to prove infidel to the Prince of Peace, to shame gospel pretensions and to offer an indignity to the Christ whom men profess to love.

Said Mrs. Browning: "One Mazzini is worth a dozen Garibaldis," because Mazzini appealed to the heart and made his plea without a gun.

History has glorified one "Peter the Great," but the student of Russian history is prepared to expect that, in the final equation, "Lyof the Great" will have accomplished for Russia what "Peter the Great" could not do. Lyof Tolstoy, John Ruskin, William Morris are the modern young men of the gospel story who wearied of elegance, became ashamed of luxuries and jewels and said, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" And they, like St. Francis, heeded the message which said, "Go and sell all that thou hast and give to the poor" and you will find peace.

It is said that when St. Francis met with one in need after he had given away everything, he discovered that his robe was confined at his waist with a leather belt, a marketable commodity, so he gave away the leather girdle and fatsened his garment with a rope, thus establishing for himself and followers the name of the "Cordilliers," the Men with the Rope.

All these symbols indicate that Francis was "the herald of the great King" by virtue of his willingness to give all that he had to the service of all.

Robert Browning, in picturing the death of John the Baptist in the desert, places an ignorant Bactrian out in the open to guard the cave. He says of this man that he was unlettered, he knew not how to read or write, "he could only love." But the power to love is of itself a great endowment of culture. It requires strength of will and force of character to love. None of the alleged insinuations against pacifists as being spineless, nerveless and anemic are justified of experience. It is a stalwart business to forgive and forget, a strenuous task to scourge hate and administer the demands of love. It is easy to yield to the fantastic enjoyment of hunting wild animals, and the Government of the United States is now stooping so low in its appeal to the young men of the nation as to print in large and brilliant letters the invitation

Come and Hunt Villa!

This hunting of a bandit and a few hundred followers with the trained armies of a great nation would be humorous if it were not pathetic. Picture the poor horses, mangled by the savage cactus, stifled by the alkali wind of the desert, falling by the way for want of water, not to speak of their mounted leaders, human beings, numbered by the thousand, who will be called upon to sacrifice many scores of lives for the satisfaction of wreaking vengeance upon a bandit, a confessed outlaw, all "for the honor and the glory of the flag!"

Oh, that the spirit of St. Francis might pentrate the council chambers of our nation and bring the realization that no Mexican bandit is so depraved but that he is amenable to love. And if this spirit succeeds with the individual, let it be tried with the nations.

The story is told that once during the absence of St. Francis three murderers, outlaws from the mountains, presented themselves at the camp and begged for food. Brother Angelo, who was in command, said, "You are wicked men and do not deserve pity. You are outlaws, wretched murderers and must bring forth fruit meet for repentance before we can help you." On his return the story was told to St. Francis, who said, "Alas, that you should so misinterpret your opportunity. Take bread and wine and follow these men into the mountains. Give it to them with my

love, and tell them there is further help if they need it." And these heralds of the conquering power of love returned to the camp with the conquered outlaws. They had surrendered to kindness.

What would you have us do under the banner of St. Francis to atone for the sixteen lives lost in Columbus, New Mexico? We would save a great deal of money and act more effectively if at that point our government were to erect a memorial hospital for the benefit of wounded Mexicans, Americans or whoever might need its ministrations. We could conquer the outlaws of Mexico and help to organize that state, and save a lot of money by establishing a normal school at Vera Cruz, an agricultural college at Chihuahua and a university at the City of Mexico. This is the conquering method of love, establishing an internationalism that will put generals out of commission and make armies unnecessary. This would be maintaining the Monroe doctrine in a way that is worth while.

I say that the method of love demands courage, heroism, diligence and great bravery.

In the home of the "Little Sisters of the Poor," the Claras of St. Damian, there hung a crucifix over the altar, but not the grim crucifix of the church of that time,—not a blind, mangled, bleeding, torn, emaciated figure of Christ, his suffering exaggerated by the distortion of the artist, but an open-eyed Christ, with extended arms, looking tenderly down with benignant expression, embodying in art the words of the gospel, "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

The Christ of Christendom was anticipated five centuries by the royal Prince who abdicated a throne, robed himself in the yellow mantle of a mendicant, and went out in search of that which would relieve the agony of life. Prince Siddartha became "The Enlightened," the friend of innumerable millions of souls, and to them he is another man of Nazareth, extending the invitation, "Come unto me and I will give you rest"—the rest of service, the rest of the power that does not destroy, the rest of peace.

This message comes today not only to the individual, the family and the community, but to nations. It is a world invitation! And when the time comes that the belligerent powers are met in council to determine the conditions of peace, unless the open-eyed and open-armed Man of Galilee be there, unless the nations yield to the cosmic law that ruled St. Francis, unless they recognize their internationalism that is now indisputable and unconquerable, the internationalism of pity, the internationalism of helpfulness, the internationalism that includes within its embrace the chatterng idiot, the humble blind man, the friendless dog and abused mule, they will reckon in vain over their terms of capitulation.

General Grant's triumph at Appomattox is the ultimate triumph of conquerors. For forty-seven days I lay with the boys in the trenches to capture back some of the cannon that the "preparedness" of the United States had put into the hands of those who would destroy the country. On the fourth day of July the ragged remnant of Pemberton's army, vanquished and broken, turned these cannon over to the foe. They came out in the morning and sulked, but in the afternoon of the same day, when they accepted cups of coffee from the hands of their conquerors, when we fried bacon for them and gave them hard tack, the 40,000 already surrendered Confederates capitulated to the privates on our side of the line and we have been friends ever since,—loyal citizens in the larger compact.

Such are the triumphs based on love. Such are the conquests of service. Such is the golden line of the successors of St. Francis, the blessed helpers of the poor, whose spirit is brought down to date in the lines of a modern St. Clara:

> Love for every unloved creature,
> Lonely, poor or small!
> Christ was born to show how truly
> Love makes life for all.

Having that love may we find the life ever abounding that shall bring in the sweeter communion to the wayward children of men. Amen.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

VIII.

St. Benedict 480—543—63 years

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

TEXT: *"Laborare est orare"* (*to labor is to pray*).

In the study of Benedict we approach one of the great pivotal men of the centuries we are considering, one of the large stepping stones across the millenium from Paul to Luther. He and St. Francis stand out as perhaps the two most potent personalities in the church of this period.

Definite and conclusive information regarding Benedict is very meager, but the traditions of the church and the popular biographies would fill volumes. Gregory the Great in particular devoted himself to the glorification of Benedict, aspired to be his biographer and may be regarded as the first source. Gregory, however, was a churchman of unmeasured credulity and heaped on his hero any amount of the miraculous

Benedict was born in Umbria not far from Rome, of high born Christian parents. He naturally went to school at Rome, was a student from the start, and when still a young lad was drawn into the seclusion of study, which at that time always meant the monastic life. He withdrew to a mountain solitude, Subiaco, less than a hundred miles from Rome, and attached himself to one of those numerous centers of monkish retirement. Being naturally gifted, without any seeking of his own he was a marked man from the start and was soon given the leadership of the rustic little colony at Subiaco. At once he proceeded to bring about order and discipline. He established what might be called the "cottage" system of monastic life. He had each group of twelve novices build a cottage, elect a Prior and govern their

own affairs but with reference to the well-being of the community. This cottage system of the monastic life grew. The monasteries were beginning to be ruined by their indulgence and freedom, a rebellion broke out against him and his life was saved only by a miracle. One of the subordinates, thinking to rid the monastery of the intolerable boss and tyrant, fixed a potion and the pious man was only saved by the breaking of the goblet in his hand before it reached his lips. This led him to realize that he was too accessible to Rome to realize the quietude he needed. His had become a "show" monastery, much visited and talked about. He resigned and went down into southern Italy, where on an inaccessible mountain there were still the remains of an old pagan temple, which the simple folk of that countryside, although professed Christians, half cherished and still made a center of certain holiday festivities. Benedict secured possession of that mountain fastness and there laid the foundation of the Monastery of Monte Cassino, a picture of which shows a stately and beautiful building. Fifty years old when he went there, he gave a new and vital lease of life to the monastery which he organized, and established there the Rule of St. Benedict. This rule is really, to use a modern word, a "constitution," a series of articles, suggesting the constitution of the United States, some seventy-three in number, in which he laid down very carefully the rules by which a monastery should be governed. All Catholic Orders since his day have been more or less Benedictine in their form. Before this, St. Jerome had been the best representative of the monk, chiefly concerned with himself, terribly anxious about his own fate, the farther he could get away from life, the less concerned with the problems of the world, the better he was satisfied. But that system of monasticism was degenerating into a lazy life. Under Benedict's hands the monastery became a community, the unit of well-being was not the individual but the aggregate of individuals, able to assume sober responsibilities and finally to become the conquering army of Europe. Wisconsin, from a state of marshes and forests peopled with wild animals before the 40's, was changed by the tides of emigration, which felled the forests and drained the swamps, etc., into an agricultural state with great cities and beautiful homes. Something similar happened to Europe under Benedict. He organized his forces deliberately with that purpose in view. He drew up a constitution that would maintain community life and direct community energies.

Stated briefly, the Rule of St. Benedict pivoted on three fundamental requirements,—Chastity, Poverty and Obedience. Obedience was a new word to the monk, who had heretofore only obeyed the mandate of his Master, Christ, or God; but Benedict vowed him to obedience to the head of the Order, and the head in turn was holden only to the Pope. The Mother Superior of a Chicago Sisterhood may be in France or in Spain, but her local authority is absolute and she is subject only to the Pope, and is independent of priest or bishop.

Benedict's slogan, "Laborare est orare (to labor is to pray) was meant in severest literalism. Every monk was required to work, the able-bodied were committed to seven hours of work with the hands, those infirm and weak had shorter hours, the gifted with brains were committed still to labor in the transcribing of copies and the multiplying, illuminating and binding of books. There grew up in the Benedictine Order the Scriptoria, the place of writing, which was the egg out of which the modern library was hatched. The monasteries became the libraries of Europe; more than that, the repositories of the literary treasures of the classic world. Those who have traveled know how expuisite are the illuminated manuscripts of the church. The very Cicero these men tried to supplant was conserved and preserved by them.

The logical consequence of the vow to Poverty is seen in the immense wealth of the monasteries. The monks were the almoners of the Orders, which possessed the great land holdings. Here we have the community sense of wealth, the consecration of individual resources for the benefit of the community.

We usually think of monks as exclusively worshippers and religious, but the Benedictines represented not only the educational but the economic interests of that period. In Scotland may be seen a compact little herd of black cattle, showing signs of exqusite breeding, called St. Martins, and the tradition is that they were imported from France to one of the St. Martin monasteries, in their name bearing unconscious tribute to the place that fostered them.

While the earlier monasteries, especially in Italy, were situated in remote, often rocky and rugged places, those of later time came to mean much more to the community. Many of the English abbeys, such as Tintern, Furness and best of all Glastonbury, are located in such country as would be chosen by an Illinois farmer, because of agricultural possibilities. Connected with the monastaries would be found the vineyards. In them was made the best wines and cheese and the finest weaving done. In connection with them were the Hospices, where traveling musicians, philosophers, etc., were sure to find a bed and meal.

When Russia and Turkey took steps toward adopting a constitution, they fell into line with St. Benedict, whose method of organizing society would hold the highest head within bounds. A constitutional government is an antidote to tyranny. While Benedict lived at Monte Cassino but thirteen years, with his strong and relentless but always benignant will, he set going forces that have outlived those kings, dukes, etc., with which Europe was cluttered.

In his Canto XXII of "Paradise" Dante pays tribute to Benedict:

> In old days,
> That mountain, at whose side Cassino rests,
> Was, on its height, frequented by a race
> Deceived and ill-disposed: and I it was,
> Who thither carried first the name of Him,
> Who brought the soul-subliming truth to man.
> And such a speeding grace shone over me,
> That from their impious worship I reclaimed
> The dwellers round about, who with the world
> Were in dedlusion lost.

QUESTIONS.

(1) How long did Benedict come after Jerome and Augustine?
(2) Whence came Benedict?
(3) What was his great motto?
(4) In what way did he change Europe?
(5) Tell briefly of his three fundamental requirements.
(6) What was the logical outcome of this row?

THE BOOKLOVER

The Spirit of Man

Since the time long gone when we first read the old Greek Anthology, we have had a fondness for such selections, and here is one so beautiful that it makes one want to go off and cry: "The Spirit of Man," selected by Robert Bridges (Longmans, Green, & Co.). At any time this would be an anthology of distinction, but it is doubly so now, because it is the work of the Poet Laureate of England, and because it portrays the war of the soul of man against dust—the intrepid and unconquerable faith of humanity facing the brute forces of the world. Amid the smoke and din of world war, it is eloquent of that higher and deeper war which never ends, as it is prophetic of the greatest of all victories.

The purpose of the work, as well as its unique arrangement, attract attention, the intent being to show that spirituality is the basis and foundation of human life, rather than its apex or final achievement. The method is to bring forward a cloud of witnesses, chiefly poets and philosophers, beginning with the meditations of Spinoza on the futility of life and closing with a triumphant chorus of faith; in short, to show that "man is a spiritual being, and the proper work of his mind is to interpret the world according to his higher nature, and to conquer the material aspects of the world so as to bring them into subjection to the spirit." This is indeed the Great Work which each man must achieve for himself, and by as much as he wins this victory of deity over dirt, of sense over sensuality, of mind over body, by so much does he attain the only success worth attaining.

How real this war is, how dark the shadows that becloud us, how menacing the array of foes that come up against the soul, is shown in the First Book by the testimony of poets expressing weariness with life, dissatisfaction, defeat of faith, and the old world sadness. Over against this mood, in the Second Book, we see the spirit of youth measuring itself against the facts of life, trying its wings made in fairyland, and singing of love and beauty, of the wonder of Nature and the glory of the Ideal. It is lyrical with joy, defiant alike of life and death, confident, audacious, unafraid, for that it has not yet been subdued, if not dismayed, by the heat and peril and tragedy of the battle. Oddly enough, Shelley is quoted more often than any other writer, and as one reads his glowing lines again they seem like some remembered speech from another and higher world, as if he were a Skylark caught and caged for a brief time in this House of Morality.

Turning to the Third Book we hear the voice of the Soul after its rough encounter with reality; its sense of the terror of life—the themes being mortality, melancholy, sorrow, and sin. It is the still, sad music of humanity in battle of Fate, which Sophocles heard in a time far gone, piercing, poignant, unutterably pathetic. Happily, in the latter half of the book the mind of man lays hold of great ideas of God and truth and justice, and lifts itself out of the low valley of fear toward the heights of vision and power. Frail he is and fleeting—here today and tomorrow gone—but by making a noble life man passes out of the realm of things that fade, free from the tyranny of Time and the terror of the Tomb. To unfold a beautiful soul, to build a pure character, is to become a fellow to immortal spirits, a citizen of that City where the sting of mortality cannot hurt, and where a thousand years are as a day. Hence the grand chant of victory in the Fourth Book, with its rosary of hope, its radiance of joy, its resounding shout of the Happy Warrior who, by loyalty to the highest truth, has vanquished fear and fate and the dark shadow of death.

Read it, brother; it will help you to live bravely in this beautiful world, while looking beyond it to the reality of things that abide; keeping your heart responsive to the Unseen, and bringing the light of the highest truth to the service of the humblest duty. It will deepen the old divine discontent, making more vivid those ideals that torment by their loveliness; it will trouble you with hauntings of an eternal tomorrow, and make you redouble your effort for a larger, freer, richer life.

And if you chance to read, at the same time, that exquisite story, "A Cathedral Singer," by James Lane Allen (Century Co.), it will be like listening to a great choir singing the sad, brave, haunting, prophetic music of the world. Woven about the noble pile slowly rising to crown Cathedral Heights in New York City, prophesying order in the streets, order in the land, order in the secret places of the soul, it raises the question whether or not we have a place in the life of these "gay and giddy-paced times" for the Cathedral and that for which it stands. If so, such tragedies as that which it recites of a mother and her son will be less common than they are. As a vision of the divine spirit of motherhood, I have seen nothing like this story in many a day. Read it—it will break your heart, and mend it.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

THE MASTER'S VOICE.

Where is the Master who keeps the sheep?
Comes the cry again from across the deep,
The wolf is abroad in the land this night,
And death stalks forth in a mighty fight.

Rachel is weeping and mourns again
Her children are not—she calls in vain
For solace and comfort and a guiding hand,
She bows her head at Death's command.

Quo Vadus Domini she pleads aloud,
With sorrow and pain her head is bowed,
The pyre holds the mother's dower,
She suffers and waits that infinite power.

That sentient power of the silent night,
Pregnant and strong with Almighty right,
Smothered and crushed to earth this day;
Man is mad in mortal fray.

Out from that great ethereal space,
Where rests the wisdom to guide the race.
Will come the power to stay the strong,
To hear the weak and right the wrong.

The Proctor's voice will ring again,
"Vengeance is mine"—I still reign,
Judge ye not, but stay thy hand,
"Thou shalt not kill," is my command.

Chicago, Ill. H. W. DUNCANSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Pacifying Mexico

To the Editor of UNITY:

In UNITY of March 30 you pertinently query as to the measures which should be taken to pacify Mexico. Your suggestions that schools, universities, etc., should be established in that country by the United States or by its citizens, as a means of conciliation and peace, are excellent. It would be a new type of peace-making between nations, and would be eminently worthy of a practical application. I realize as well as you do, however, that no such attempt will be made.

Your suggestions overlook one important item in the cause of the international complications as between this country and Mexico, which, it seems to me, explains the whole situation. That cause removed, the revolution in Mexico would come to an end, and automatically peace would develop between the two countries; and without invasion and subjection.

As I see it—and many, I find, agree with me—the cause of the whole difficulty has been the economic invasion of Mexico by Americans. Under the "sound and peaceful" administration of Porfirio Diaz, so much praised by many Americans as securing order and prosperity, but which was essentially autocratic and monarchical, a number of Americans, individuals and corporations, were permitted to invade Mexico, and secure very large concessions in land, mines, and railroad building. Diaz arbitrarily granted these rights because they were profitable to himself personally, with little regard to the people of Mexico. The result was that enormous tracts of land were monopolized, extensive mining operations were opened, and several important railroads were built. Of course these improvements were regarded as a great advance for that country. So they were while Diaz was in power, and held a tight hand over the country. But revolution came, nevertheless, and Diaz fled with his millions to a secure retreat in Europe.

Why? Because the rule of Diaz, and the monopolies by American capitalists had brought the great mass of the Mexican people to a condition of peonage. In this instance peonage was only another name for slavery. Even slaves have been known to rebel, and revolution was the result. Could every American exploiter be brought out of Mexico the troubles would speedily come to an end. The United States worships "the almighty dollar," it has regard above everything else for "the sacred rights of property;" therefore we have been on the verge of war with Mexico for the last four years. The American land—and mine-grabbers in Mexico have been bringing every possible pressure to bear to bring on war to secure them in their right to exploit the Mexican people.

Carranza is an able man, whose sympathies are on the side of the people; and he is trying, I believe, to bring order out of chaos by restoring to the Mexican people, as fast as he is able to do so, the rights which belong to them,—and which have been taken from them by "due process of law," of course by American exploiters. If given an opportunity he will succeed. Two influences are working powerfully against him, the American exploiters with the tremendous backing of their money and its influence, and the ambitions of various Mexican leaders to supersede Carranza and reap a reward in big American dollars always at their command if they can give the exploiters a free hand in Mexico. It seems highly probable, if not certain, that Villa has been more than once subsidized with American cash, war materials, and other aid, in order that he might keep up the revolution until American intervention had been secured.

The Mexican people would provide their own schools, universities and libraries,—art galleries thrown in,—if they were protected in the right to do so. While we make Mexico a land for economic brigandage by our financial exploiters they will not be able to secure such advantages—especially if the exploiters are supported by the American army.

That I am not wholly wrong may be proven, I think, by an item published in a New York financial paper a day or two after the hunt for Villa was ordered: "When it was learned on Friday that the Administration had decided to order troops after Villa several issues by companies operating in Mexico at once enjoyed a spirited advance. American Smelting and Refining rallied 2⅝ from the low of the day, Mexican Petroleum 5½, Southern Pacific 2⅛, and Greene-Cananea 2⅛. Southern Pacific has a $50,000,000 investment in Mexico which has been more of a liability than an asset since the natives took to shooting up one another. There was a wild cheer on the floor of the Exchange when a rumor was received that Villa had been captured and Carranza assassinated."

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

WILLOW BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

Many a morn the sap hath reddened
The slender sprays of the willow-stem,
But the little brown buds that the winter deadened,
What marvel now hath befallen them?
Slow and still, through the long dark weather
They loosened daintily day by day,
Till they sat as a flock of doves together,
In silvery gray.

But these, not yet the promise receiving,
Knowing not yet what joy should be,
Filled with an ecstasy of believing,
Now are magnified, tree by tree!
They, the humble, dwelling obscurely,
Strong in the shadows their faith to hold,
God Himself hath arrayed them surely
In glory of gold!

—*May Byron.*

THE HARVEST.

The fields were golden brown, and all the world
Sat in the midst of plenteous prosperity;
The sound of happy voices filled the air,
And all were gladdened, for 'twas harvest time.

But not long was this to be. The Destiny
Of men and kings and countries here began. To end?
Ah! that we knew with certainty the end
Of this, the bloody harvest time of War.

And you, dear reader, as you read these words,
Think well on these two harvests; to what end? Why, that
When you, as is your right, shall be in power,
Keep this, our lov'd nation, free from War.

—*John Bradford Main.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE CATASTROPHE OF TODAY.

The terrible woe, for the time being, blinds us to the real struggle which has gone on for ages. The age-long effort of democracy to rise and express itself, the mighty and persistent endeavor of the many to throw off the yoke of aristocracy is the one contest which continues from century to century. Autocracy, backed by militarism, has, by calling to its aid narrow ideals of patriotism and false standards of national honor, beaten back again and again the rising tide of democracy. The hosts of the people have been coerced and deluded into fighting the battles of their oppressors. Women have gone "down into the valley of the shadow of death" to bring life into this world only to have it sacrificed to a God of War. Men have slain with relentless fury their brothers. Heroes have fallen, not that people might be free, but that the yoke of their bondage might be made more secure.

And yet the irresistable tides of the Spirit of God have moved on and on. Every country and race has yielded to this immeasurable energy. Kings have been pushed from thrones. Aristocracy has been compelled to yield its power. Slowly have men won rights, privileges and opportunities which mean larger and fuller life for all. In response to the demands of democracy, age-long burdens have been slowly but surely taken from the backs of the people and special privileges wrested from the hands of the few.

A few months ago every country in the world was throbbing with the new life born of the travial of the peoples—and now brother fights against brother. Hatred and lust of blood reigns where only a few days ago men of every nation met to plan and work for the realization of a Federation of the World. Humanitarian legislation, old age pensions, insurance against sickness and unemployment, pension for mothers, mutual societies which have done so much for aged and sick, all the legislation just ready to be enacted that would help the weak and thwart the avaracious, has in these few weeks been forgotten. Much of the accumulated results of the efforts of men for centuries has been utterly destroyed. In Belgium, splendid social institutions, the pride of a people, have been wiped out of existence. The God of War marches by in triumph. Democracy sits alone and weeps, weeps for the women and children, weeps for the men who have forgotten Her.

But all have not forgotten. Ten thousand times ten thousand have not bent the knee to Baal. Scattered and for the moment defeated, they, tomorrow, will take up the cause of the peoples. On the ruins of the achievements of the century must the institutions of the culture of the future be built.

But this can only be accomplished as militarism, the age-long weapon of Aristocracy, is uprooted and completely destroyed. One task in America is to join with those who in the coming years will labor at this gigantic task. Militarism is supported by the millions invested in armament plants. It will die a hard death. It will struggle unto the very end. To give way to those who insanely urge a huge navy and large army for the United States is to join with the forces of aristocracy against democracy. If we aid in strengthening militarism, we place larger burdens on the backs of the people, we erect barriers in the way of democracy, we fight the battles of aristocracy, we yield an opportunity for world leadership. America today must see straight. The wild hysteria of those who learn nothing from the past must go unheeded. The banner of democracy lies prostrate for the day. The martyrs of liberty, the toilers for brotherhood are forgotten. We in this land of the free, the greatest of all nations, must lift that banner from the earth. We must proclaim brotherhood to the nations of the world not by battleships, but by the ideals of justice, liberty and democracy, if we are to lead the nations of the earth. This is the only way we can be true to our great mission. —*Arthur L. Weatherly.*

RODIN'S GIFT TO FRANCE.

Rodin has at last overcome the hesitations of the French government and secured his own fame by deeding his studio with all its contents at the Hôtel Biron to the State. He has tried to do this ever since 1908, says the New York *Sun*, but "the idea that a French artist, no matter how famous, should dictate to the government the terms of a gift which would make him famous was distasteful to the French people." We read:

"The Hôtel Biron is a famous building of magnificent proportions. It belonged to the family of the Duc de Biron, at the time of the American Revolutionary War, and then became the home of the Duc de Lauzun. Then it

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was successively the nunciature, the home of the Russian Embassy, and was later occupied by the Dames de Sacre Cœur. After the separation of Church and State in 1906, the Dames de Sacre Cœeur were driven out, and the place stood vacant until 1908, when Rodin secured permission from the government to occupy it as a studio. Soon after his occupancy began he offered to leave his objects of art to the government on condition that he be allowed to live there rent-free and on condition the Hôtel Biron be called after his death the Rodin Museum. . . .

"The Hôtel Biron is full of his works, some completed, others half-finished, and others only just begun. He has an interesting collection of specimens of early Greek art. He also has considerable Egyptian statuary, some wonderful tapestries, modern paintings, and engravings.

"Rodin, who is now seventy-six years old, was more than fifty when fame began to come to him. He was an uncared-for street-child of Paris, and his first job was mixing clay in a studio."

—*Literary Digest.*

"THE KINGDOM IS WITHIN YOU."

Thy kingdom here? Lord, can it be?
Searching and seeking everywhere
For many a year,
"Thy kingdom come" has been my prayer.
Was that dear kingdom all the while so near?

Blinded and dull with selfish sin,
Have I been sitting at the gates
Called Beautiful,
Where they fair angel stands and waits,
With hand upon the lock to let me in?

Was I the wall which barred the way,
Darkening the glory of thy grace,
Hiding the ray
Which, shining out as from thy very face,
Had shown to other men the perfect day?

Let me not sit another hour,
Idly waiting what is mine to win,
Blinded in wit.
Lord Jesus, rend these walls of self and sin;
Beat down the gate, that I may enter it.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

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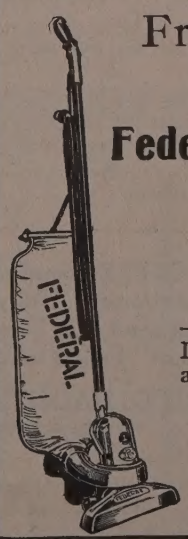

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TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF POET LORE

In Jan., 1915, Poet Lore began its second quarter century

A RECORD TO BE PROUD OF

Here are some of the big things that POET LORE has done. This list, without further comment, shows why POET LORE is the only magazine in America that is indispensable to all those readers who are on the lookout for *new* genius the moment it appears, instead of waiting to fall into line after this genius has been discovered by others. Read this list carefully.

In 1889 POET LORE pointed out the supreme importance of Ibsen's dramas. It spoke of Ibsen then as "below no one but Shakespeare" to a nation that then only had heard enough of him to jeer. In the same year it gave its readers a review of Shakespeare's influence on Japanese literature. That was eighteen years before anybody else in this country even knew that there was such a thing as a great literature in "barbarous" Japan.

In 1891 POET LORE made its readers acquainted with the work of Strindberg.

In 1892 POET LORE brought to America some masterpieces of Bohemian literature, and it published Bjornson's play, "A Glove," in the original Norwegian version of *En Hanske,* authorized by Bjornson himself.

In 1893 POET LORE published Maeterlinck's "The Blind," *which was the first publication of any of Maeterlinck's works in English.*

In 1894 POET LORE published Maeterlinck's "The Seven Princesses" and "Pelleas and Melisande."

In 1895 there appeared in POET LORE Maeterlinck's "Alladine and Palomides."

In 1897 POET LORE brought to America another of the now world-famous dramatists, Sudermann.

In 1898 POET LORE published "The Sunken Bell." *This was the first English translation of any of Hauptmann's plays.*

As early as in 1899 POET LORE contained a story of Selma Lagerlof.

In 1900, Echegaray, the great Spanish dramatist, who in 1904 won the Nobel prize, was already well known to the readers of POET LORE.

In 1903 the readers of POET LORE were made acquainted with the unusual genius of Brieux.

In 1904 POET LORE began the publication of Gorky's plays.

In 1905 POET LORE was as usual first among the pioneers in recognizing the real significance of the new Irish literary drama by the publication of plays by Synge and Hyde.

In 1906 POET LORE presented the dramatic work of Schnitzler in English for the first time.

In 1907 Andreyev was first made known to America by POET LORE.

POET LORE has introduced to this country no less than fifty-four European dramatists and eighty-six dramas.

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